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SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH

BY E. C. PERROW

II. SONGS IN WHICH ANIMALS FIGURE

I. THE OLD GRAY MARE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of my brother; 1906)



OLE Turkey-Buzzard come a-flyin a-by, (*thrice*)
Says, "Ole man, yore mare's gon die."

Ef she dies, I'll tan her skin;¹
Ef she don't, by doggies!² I'll ride 'r agin.

She got so pore I couldn't ride;
Bones stuck up right thoo³ her hide.

Then I hooked 'r to the plough;
Swore by doggies! she didn't know how.

Then I skinned some pop-paw⁴ lines;
Swore by doggies! she'd take her time.

Then I turned 'r daown the creek,
For her to hunt some grass to eat.

Then I follerd daown the track;
Found 'r in a mud-hole flat uv'r back.

Then I felt so dev'lish stout,
Grabbed 'r by the tail en' pulled 'r out.

Then I thought it weren't no sin;
Took out my knife en' begun to skin.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, p. 19. This stanza is reported also from Virginia (Dr. Bullitt).

² A common byword in East Tennessee.

³ So the word "through" is pronounced in East Tennessee.

⁴ A kind of tree, with its banana-like fruit. The bark is tough, and makes good strings.

Refrain

Yankty doodle dum, yankty dee,¹
 Yankty doodle dum, yankty dee.

2. THE OLD GRAY HORSE

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

Went to the river at break uv day,
 Couldn't get across, en' uh had to stay;
 Paid five dollars fer un ole gray horse,
 Wouldn't go erlong, en' 'e wouldn't stan' still,
 But jumped up en' daown like un ole flutter-mill.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909)

I went to the river and I couldn't get across;
 Paid five dollars for an old gray horse,
 Horse wouldn't ride, horse wouldn't swim,
 And I'll never see my five dollars agin.

C

(From Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of D. H. Bishop; 1909)

I went to the river and couldn't get across;
 Jumped on a toad-frog and thought he was a horse.²

3. EDMUND HAD AN OLD GRAY HORSE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)

Edmund had an ole gray horse; its name wuz Morgan Brown;
 En' every tooth in Morgan's head wuz fifteen miles around.³

4. PROCTOR KNOTT

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Bet your money on Proctor Knott!⁴
 He's a horse of mine.
 Done quit runnin';
 He's gone to flyin'.
 All the way from Little Rock
 Bet your money on Proctor Knott.
 Proctor Knott run so fast
 You couldn't see nothing but the jockey's ass.⁵

¹ Imitation of the sound of the banjo-string.

² This couplet is included in the college song-books under the title "Polly Wolly Doodle." The college, with its constant call for communal singing and sometimes for communal composition, is a natural place toward which folk-song of various localities will gravitate. It is also, as has been noted in *American Dialect Notes*, a hot-bed for the culture of slang.

³ A humorous comment on Morgan's age.

⁴ Evidently named for a prominent Kentuckian, Proctor Knott (died 1911).

⁵ In East Tennessee the "r" is still pronounced in this word.

5. I HAD A LITTLE MULE

A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel, 1909)

I had a little mule, and his name was Jack;¹
I rode him on his tail to save his back.

I had a little mule, and his name was Jay;
I pulled his tail to hear him bray.

I had a little mule who was quite slick;
I pulled his tail to see him kick.

This little mule he kicked so high,
I thought that I had touched the sky.

I had a little mule; he was made of hay;
First big wind come along and blowed him away.

B

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

I had a little pony, en' his name wuz Jack;
I rode him on his belly to save his back.

6. I HITCHED MY HORSE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

I hitched my horse to the poplar trough,
The poplar trough, the poplar trough, the poplar trough,
And dar he cotched de whoopin'-cough,
De whoopin'-cough, de whoopin'-cough, de whoopin'-cough.

I hitched my horse to the swingin' lim, etc.
And dar he cut de pidgin-wing,² etc.

7. UNCLE NED³

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel, taken from the singing of a negro near Oxford; 1909)

There was an old man; his name was Ned;
He died some years ago.
He had no hair upon his head,
And nowhere for hair to grow.

And this old man he had two sons,
And both of them were brothers;
Josephus was the name of one;
Bohunkum was the other.

And these two boys they had an old horse;
This old horse was blind;

¹ Cf. Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (1870), p. 19, for a rhyme opening like this.

² The name of a dance.

³ A variant of the well-known song, *There was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned.*

Josephus rid in front;¹
 And Bohunkum rid behind.
 These two boys they had an old hen,
 A good old hen was she;
 Every day she laid an egg,
 Sunday she laid three.²

8. THAT MULE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of T. H. Holliman; 1909)

That mule he had a hollow tooth,
 He could eat ten bushels of corn;
 Every time he blinked his eye,
 Two bushels and a half was gone.
 Oh! how that mule did holler-r,
 "Whoa!-he-" "whoa-a!"³
 When they carried him off with a rake!
 That mule could pull ten thousand pounds,
 That wasn't half a load;⁴
 Just clear the track, both white and black,
 And give that mule the road.

9. WHOA, MULE!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Whoa, mule! whoa!
 Can't you hear him holler?
 Tie a knot in the end of his tail,
 Or he'll jump through his collar.⁵

10. SWEET TO THE DONKEY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Sweet to the donkey is the growing of the grass;
 And if you don't like his way, you can let him pass.

11. I'M A ROWDY OLD SOUL

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS.?.; 1909)

I uster drive a long-horn steer;
 Now I drive a muley:
 Hand me down my frock and coat;
 I'm goin' back to Juley.
 I'm a rowdy old soul, I'm a rowdy old soul!
 There ain't gwine to be a nigger in a mile or more.
 I'm gwine to get some brick and sand
 To build my chimney higher,
 To keep that damned old tomcat
 From putting out my fire.

¹ Cf. the version as found in the college song-books.² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 373, where "four" is the number.³ An imitation of the "hard, dry seesaw of his horrible bray."⁴ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 371.⁵ A stock gibe at an underfed animal. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv,

12. HOOK AND LINE

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of C. B. House; 1905)

Give me the hook; give me the line;
Give me the gal they call Caroline.

Set my hook, give it a flip;
First thing I knowed, Dad's¹ old lip.

Hook would break; pole would bend;
Bottom of the river old Dad would send.

Nigger went a-fishing on a summer day;
Creek turned over,² and the fish got away.

Nigger went a-fishing in the summer time;
Creek turned over, and he went blind.

I went to the river and couldn't get across;
Jumped on a 'possum, and thought he was a horse.

The river was deep, and the bottom was sand;
You ought to seed that 'possum racking through the land.

13. THE SHEEP'S IN THE MEADOW

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The sheep's in the meadow, en' the caow's in the corn;³
Where in the hell has Lulu gone!

14. WORKING IN THE PEA-VINES

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

Turkey in de bread-tray, scratchin' out dough;
"Sallie, will yer dog bite?" — "No, chile, no!"

Workin' in de pea-vines, oh, ho! (*thrice*)

Had a little dog; his name was Clover;
When he died, he died all over.

15. MY COON DOG

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Rabbit in the log, and I got no dog,
Baby!⁴ Baby!

Chicken in the yard, and I got no lard,⁵
Baby! Baby!

¹ That is, the biggest fish, the daddy of 'em all. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 248, where "my old ad" seems a mistake for "my old dad."

² Cf. *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 20, for the subject of the impossible in folk-song.

³ Cf. J. B. Ker, *An Essay on the Archaeology of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes* (London, 1834), p. 147.

⁴ A negro pet name for "sweetheart;" used also by the whites.

⁵ That is, to fry it with.

Somebody stole my coon dog,
 And I wish I had him back;
 Chase them big ones over the fence,
 And the little ones through the crack.

16. GRANPAP'S BULLDOG

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

Over the hill, en' across the level,
 Granpap's bulldog treed the devil.

17. COME ON, BLUE¹

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Cassedy; 1909)

Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!
 Dere's a 'possum in Heabn fer me an' you!
 So come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

Soon old Blue died; I dug his grave
 With a [and a] silver spade.²
 Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

I let him down with a golden chain,
 And every link I called his name.
 Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

Now since Blue haft gone to Heabn,
 I says, "Go on, Blue! Go on, Blue!"
 Dere's a 'possum in Heabn fer me an' you."

18. BOUGHT A COW

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909)

Bought a cow of farmer Jones,
 She wasn't nothing but skin and bones;
 Kept her till she was as fine as silk;
 Jumped the fence, and strained her milk.

19. THE OLD COW DIED

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909)

Ladies an' gentl'men, I tell you de fac'
 De ole caow died in de fodduh stack.

¹ Said to have been a song composed by an old negro in honor of his dog.

² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (vol. xi, p. 22; vol. xxiii, p. 438) for the silver spade and golden chain. Here is a touch of the popular love for gold and silver so common in the standard ballads.

20. THE OLD COW CROSSED THE ROAD¹

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912)



De ole caow crossed de road, (*twice*)
 De reason why she crossed de road wuz kase she crossed de road.

21. THE OLD HEN

A

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de yard;

.²

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de lot;
 De nex' time she cackled, she cackled in de pot.

Chorus

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled, she cackled;
 An' de rooster laid de egg.

De ole hen she cackled, an' she cackled on de fence;
 De ole hen she cackled, an' she ain't cackled sence.

¹ This belongs to that group of never-ending songs, the words of which are sung over and over *ad nauseam*. A bit of folk-humor. Some one is urged to sing. At length he says, "I'll sing you a song of a hundred and eleven verses, no two of which are alike." He then sings this until the company call for him to cease. Another song of this type is:—

DAVY BARNUM



"The ole Davy Barnum said to young Davy Barnum,
 'Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum!'
 En' the young Davy Barnum said to ole Davy Barnum,
 'Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum!'"

² I believe the line missing here is, —

"De nex' time she keckled, she keckled in de lauhd."

B

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909)

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de bahn;
De ole caow died, died uh de holluh ho'n.

22. GRANNY, WILL YER HEN PECK?

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

"Granny, will yer hen peck?" — "No, chile, no!
Daddy cut 'er pecker off a long time ago."

23. GO TELL AUNT NANCY¹

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909)

Go tell Ænt Næncy (*thrice*)
Huh gray goose is dead, —
The one she wuz savin' (*thrice*)
To make huh feather bed.
Somebody killed it, (*thrice*)
Knocked it in the head.

24. ONCE UPON A TIME²

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1910)

Once upon a time a dawg made a rhyme,
A goose chewed tobacco, en' duck drank wine.

25. CHICKEN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

Chicken, little chicken, you'd better go up in a balloon;
Chicken, little chicken, you'd better roost behind the moon;
I'll give five dollars for the chickens three
That can roost too high for me.

26. THE OLD BLACK CAT

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Some may like the tortoise-shell;
Some may like the gray as well;
Some may like this and that;
But give to me the old black cat.

Chorus

Poor kitty that lies so cosey by the fire.

When the boys are full of fun,
They call the dogs and set them on;
I spring to my feet and grab my hat,
And run to save the old black cat.

Sung to the tune "Ebenezer." Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 378, for a stanza of this reported from Alabama. In the version which I have from Mississippi, Nobbie takes the place of Nancy.

² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 48.

27. POOR LITTLE KITTY CAT

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909)

Po lid'l kitty cat, po lid'l felluh,
Po lid'l kitty cat, died in the celluh.

28. SHEEP AND SHOTE

(From Virginia; negroes; singing of Mrs. C. Longest; 1909)

Sheep an' shote went a-walkin' in de pæscher,
Sheep say to shote, "Cæn't you walk a leetl fæster?"
Shote say, "Sheep,¹ my toe souh!"
"Oh, I didn't know dat!"

29. THE MONKEY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

I wish I was in Texas, sitting on a rail,
Tater by the hand and a 'possum by the tail.
Monkey and a negro sitting on a rail;
You couldn't tell the difference; but the monkey had the tail.
A monkey sitting on the end of a rail,
Picking his tooth with the end of his tail.
Mullein-leaves and calico sleeves;
All school-teachers are hard to please.

30. 'POSSUM UP A 'SIMMON-TREE

A

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

A 'possum up a 'simmon-tree;
I winked at him; he winked at me;
I picked up a rock and hit him on de shin;
Sez he, "Ole feller, don't do dat agin!"

Chorus

Oh, come 'long, boys, an' shuck dat corn;
We'll shuck and sing to de rattle ob de horn;
We'll shuck and sing till de comin' ob de morn,
An' den we'll hab a holiday.

I carried 'im to Miss Polly Bell,²
Becase I knew she'd cook 'im well.
She made a fry; she made a stew,
A roast, a bile, an' a barbecue.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

'Possum up the 'simmon-tree, coon on the groun';
Coon said, "You 'possum, shake dem 'simmons down!"

¹ "Sheep, my . . . dat!" is spoken.

² Cf. Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 208.

'Possum up de 'simmon-tree, coony in de hollow;
 There's a pretty gal at Daddy's house, as fat as she can wallow.

: :

Went up on the mountain to get me a load of corn;
 A raccoon treed the devil, and a 'possum blewed his horn.

31. THE RABBIT

(From West Tennessee; negroes; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

Hyeuh dawg! Hyeuh's a rabbit!
 Ef yuh ketch it, yuh ken habbit.

32. OH, MR. RABBIT!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit! your tail's mighty white."¹
 "Yes, my God! I can take it out er sight."
 "Oh, Mr. Rabbit! you feet's mighty light."
 "Yes, my God! I can take em out er sight!"

33. OLE MOLLY-HARE²

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

"Ole Molly-hare, what you doin' dare?"
 "Runnin' through the 'backer-patch hard as I can tear."
 "Ole Molly-hare, what you doin' dare?"
 "Settin' in de brier-patch, pickin' out de hair."

34. OLD CORNFIELD RABBIT³

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Old cornfield rabbit . . . (*prolonged*)

Chorus

Rabbit! rabbit!

Got a mighty habit . . . etc.

Coming in de garden . . .

Cutting down de cabbage . . .

I called my dog . . .

Put him on the track . . .

Little black fool . . .

Come a trotting right back . . .

Chorus

Help me to holler rabbit now!

"Rabbit! rabbit!"

Come on, boys, let's have a time!

"Rabbit! rabbit!"

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, pp. 435 *et seq.*

² For another version, cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 351.

³ Cf. a version given in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 317. The negroes of Mississippi often sing this song when they gather, a fore-singer improvising the story, and the chorus shouting, "Rabbit! rabbit!"

35. THE JAYBIRD DIED¹

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh the jaybird died of the whooping-cough;
 And the sparrow died of the colic;
 Along came a frog with his fiddle on his back,
 Inquiring the way to the frolic.

If ever I get through this war,
 And the Southern boys don't find me,
 I'll return straightway back home again
 To the girl I left behind me.

36. THE JAYBIRD

A

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

Jaybird sittin' on a hickory lim';
 He winked at me, and I winked at him.
 Picked up a stick and hit him on the shin,
 "Now, doggone you! Wink agin!"

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Hudson; 1909)

Jaybird settin' in a swingin' lim'
 Looked at me, and I at him;
 Cocked my gun an' split his chin,
 An' lef' the arrer stickin' in.

37. THE OLD BLUEJAY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

The ole bluejay (*four times*)
 On the swingin' lim', etc.
 I picked him clean, etc.
 I wallered him around, etc.
 I fried him brown, etc.
 I swallerred him down, etc.

¹ For other jaybird verses, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. ii, p. 300, and *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 324. Mrs. L. M. Cheshire gives in a newspaper article the following from Florida: —

"Jaybird up the sugar-tree,
 Sparrow on de groun';
 Jaybird shake de sugar down,
 Sparrow pass hit around.

"Shoo, ladies, shoo, (*twice*)
 Shoo, ladies, shoo, my gal,
 I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.

"Five cents is my pocket change;
 Ten cents is my bill;
 If times don't get no bettah heah,
 I'm boun' for Sugar Hill."

38. THE JAYBIRD DIED

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of L. A. Harrison; 1909)

Way down yonder in my old loft,
 Jaybird died with the whooping-cough.
 He fell in my watering-trough,
 And gave my cow the whooping-cough.

39. FREE LITTLE BIRD¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909)

I'm as free a little bird ez I ken be! (*twice*)
 I'll build my nest in the high oak-tree,
 Where the bad boys can't bother me.
 I'm as free a little bird ez I ken be! (*twice*)
 I'll draown myself in the bottom uv the sea,
 Before I'll let the bad boys bother me.

40. THE FROG WENT A-COURTING²

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The Frog went a-courtin'; he did ride, (*thrice*)
 A sword en' pistol by his side.

Where will the weddin'-supper be, Baby?³ (*thrice*)
 Way daown yander in the holler oak-tree, Baby.

What will the weddin'-supper be, Baby? (*thrice*)
 Fried mosquito en' roasted flea,⁴ Baby.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

A Frog he would a-wooin' go,
 Whether his mother would let him or no.

C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Raymond; 1909)

A Gentleman Frog got up to ride, um . . . um . . . (*humming*)
 A Gentleman Frog got up to ride,
 A sword and a pistol by his side, um . . . um . . .

Went down to Lady Mouse's hall,
 Knocked at the door, and there did call.

¹ For another version, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 241.² Cf. Percy Society, vol. iv (1842); Halliwell, No. xciii; also Lina Eckstein, *Comparative Studies*, pp. 29, 94.³ Cf. Gomme, *Traditional Games*, vol. ii, p. 163.⁴ Cf. *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 25, for other insects: —

"As I went down in my old field,
 I heard a mighty maulin';
 The seed-ticks was a-splittin' rails;
 The chigres was a-haulin'."

He asked if Lady Mouse were in.

"Yes, kind sir, she sits to spin."

Directly Lady Mouse came down,
Dressed in silk and satin gown.

He said, "Miss Mouse, won't you marry me?"

"Yes, kind sir, if you'll have me."

Directly Uncle Rat came home:

"Who's been here since I've been gone?"

"A nice young gentleman," said she;

"I'll have him, if he'll have me."

Uncle Rat went back to town
To buy his niece a wedding-gown.

"Where shall the wedding-supper be?"

"Way down yonder, in an old hollow oak-tree."

"What shall the wedding-supper be?"

"Bread and honey and a big black bee."

The first one there was Mr. Coon,
Waving about a big silver spoon.

The next one there was Mr. Snake,
Handing around the wedding-cake.

The next one there was a Bumblebee,
Tuning his fiddle on his knee.

Mr. Frog got scared, and run out the door;
He never had heard a fiddle before.

Miss Mouse got scared and run up the wall;
Her foot got caught, and she did fall.

41. THE BULLFROG

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Way daown yander in Arkansaw,
The Bullfrog said, "Ker-chow ker-chaw."

Way daown yander in China-rank,
The Bullfrog jumped frum bank to bank.

The Bullfrog jumped frum the bottom uv the well,
En' swore by God! he wuz just frum hell.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

The Bullfrog jumped from bank to bank,
Skint his shins from shank to shank.

The Bullfrog jumped from the bottom of the well,
And swore by George! he was just from hell.

42. THE BULLFROG AND THE ALLIGATOR

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh! de Bullfrog tried for to court de Alligator
 He hopped upon a log, and offered her a tater.

Oh! de Alligator grin, an' den she try to blush,
 An de Bullfrog cried out, "Oh, do hush!"

43. COME ALONG, LADIES

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Come along, ladies, take a drink o' grog;
 Ever see a tadpole turnin' to a frog?

44. WHAT MAKE A FRENCHMAN GROW SO TALL

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

What make a Frenchman grow so tall, Sugar-babe? (*twice*)
 What make a Frenchman grow so tall?

Kase he eat de crawfish, head an' all, Sugar-babe.

Little bit er Frenchman nine days ole, Sugar-babe, etc.
 Down on his knees at de crawfish hole, Sugar-babe.

Little bit er Frenchman nine days ole, Sugar-babe, etc.
 Tryin' ter ketch a crawfish, bless his soul! Sugar-babe.

III. GAME SONGS AND NURSERY RHYMES

I. SKIP TO MY LOU¹

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Pretty as a red-bird, prettier, too; (*thrice*)
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Get me another one, prettier, too; etc.

¹ Lou, a common term for "sweetheart" in East Tennessee. Probably derived from the proper noun. This song bears strong evidences of communal composition. The stanzas have no fixed order: any one may be sung at any time during the dance, if the fore-singer thinks fit. The rhyme-scheme, although a very simple one, is frequently lost sight of as the fore-singer, feeling that the dance must go on, is obliged from time to time to improvise words to accompany his action. I have often engaged in this dance, and have seen the process of such communal composition. The game is played as follows: the boys choose their partners from among the girls, and the couples arrange themselves along the walls of the room in which the dance is to take place. There is one boy, however, who has no partner. He begins the song, skips across the room to the time of the music, and steals the girl of his choice from the boy who is with her. This boy then becomes the fore-singer, and steals another girl, or sometimes brings back the girl who has been taken from him. The fore-singer determines what verse shall be sung, the crowd joining in with him as soon as possible. He often sings just what happens to come into his head at the time, his best verses, of course, being remembered, and used again the next time the game is played. Cf. the account of this game in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv, p. 270.

I'll have her back in spite of you; etc.

Gone again; skip to my Lou; etc.

Sweet as a pop-paw punkin-pie; etc.

Pigs in the 'tater-patch, skip to my Lou; etc.

She wears shoes number two; etc.

Stand like a fool,¹ skip to my Lou; etc.

B

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908)

Dad's old hat and Mam's old shoe; etc.

C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Lost my partner, what will I do?

Get me another one; skip-tum-i-loo.

If I can't get a jaybird, a redhead will do; etc.

D

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Annie Reedy; 1909)

Lead 'em up and lead 'em down; etc.

Swing her on the corner; etc.

Sweetheart skipped me; etc.

Black-eyed pretty one; etc.

2. SHOOT THE BUFFALO²

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

The boys will plough and hoe,
And the girls will sit and sew,
And we'll circle in the canebrake,
And shoot the buffalo.

Chorus

Oh! we'll shoot the buffalo; (*twice*)
We'll circle through the canebrake,
And shoot the buffalo.

The girls will sit and spin,
And the boys will fight like men;³
And we'll circle through the canebrake,
And shoot the buffalo.

¹ When the fore-singer hesitates to choose, the crowd sings, "Stand like a fool," etc.

² A dance-game common also in East Tennessee.

³ Rhyming with "spin." In southern Alabama and southern Mississippi, all short *e*'s are pronounced as short *i* in "pin."

3. MOLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Molly, put the kittle on, (*thrice*)

En' less have tea.

Molly, put the kittle on,
 Jenny, blow the dinner-horn,
 Molly, put the kittle on,
 En' less have tea.

Slice the bread an' butter fine,
 Slice enough fer forty-nine,
 Molly, put the kittle on,
 En' less have tea.

4. LOVE HAS WON THE DAY²

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Go forth en' face yer lover, (*thrice*)
 Fer love has won the day.

He kneels because he loves yer, etc.

He measures his love to show yer, etc.

It breaks his heart to leave yer, etc.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Sims; 1909)

We're marching round the levy,
 For we have gained the day.

Go in and out the window, etc.

Go forth and chase your lover, etc.

I measure my love to show you, etc.

One kiss before I leave you, etc.

¹ I have not seen in print these stanzas of the well-known song. They are used in the game called "Drop the Handkerchief." The players, holding hands, move in a circle, their faces toward the centre. A girl stands on the outside of the circle, and drops her handkerchief behind some boy. As soon as he sees it, he leaves his place in the circle and chases the girl, who attempts to run around the group and get back to the place left vacant by the boy. If the boy catches the girl before she reaches this place, he kisses her.

² A version of "Round about the Village" (Gomme, *Traditional Games*, vol. ii. p. 122), though the music is different. Cf. also *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xv, p. 195 (Florida), and *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 28, with this characteristic verse, "I'll break my neck, or kiss you."

5. GREEN GRAVEL¹

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909)

Green gravel, green gravel, how green the grass grows,
That all the fern nations are ashamed to be seen.

Miss Mary, Miss Mary, your true-love is dead;
He sent you a letter; so turn back your head!

6. CHARLOTTE TOWN

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909)

Charlotte Town is burnin' down,
Good-by! good-by!
Burning down to the groun',
Good-by! good-by!

Oh, ain't yuh mighty sorry?
Good-by! good-by!
Oh, ain't yuh mighty sorry?
Good-by! good-by.

7. RING AROUND THE ROSES²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Ring around the roses,
A bottle full uv posies,
Squat by Joses.

8. JOLLY MILLER³

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Hands on the hopper, en' hands on the slab;
En' every time yer turn aroun', grab, boys, grab!

9. I LOST MY GLOVE⁴

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1912)

I lost my glove yestiddy, en' found it to-day;
'Twas all full uv mud, en' I flung it away.

¹ Given, in a slightly different version, in Gomme (*Traditional Games*, vol. i, p. 171). Judge C. B. Seymour, Louisville, Ky., says, "I played it nearly sixty years ago." He gives as his version:—

"Green gravel, green gravel, the grass grows so green;
Free mason, free mason, ashamed to be seen," etc.,

where "free mason" is a corruption for "fair maiden." "Gravel," he suggests, is the diminutive of "grave." "The children ages ago forgot that they were playing funeral, and walking around the little grave of the fair maiden, and one by one turning away."

² The players, holding hands, move in a circle. At the word "squat," all sit down. The last one down is made to tell his sweetheart's name. This is done sometimes by forcing him to answer the following question: "If you had on top of the house Mary A. and Nellie B. and Fanny C., which one would you throw down and break her neck? which would you leave for the buzzards to eat? and which would you bring down in your pocket?"

³ A version of the well-known game of "The Jolly Miller." Cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. i, p. 290.

⁴ Played as "Drop the Handkerchief" is played.

10. AMONG THE LILY-WHITE DANDIES

(From Virginia; children in Richmond; MS. of Mrs. Longest; 1909)

What would you give to know her name,¹

Know her name, know her name?

What would you give to know her name

Among the lily-white dandies?

Mary is her first name,

First name, first name,

Mary is her first name

Among the lily-white dandies.

Smith is her last name,

Last name, etc.

What would you give to know his name,

Know his name, etc.

John is his first name,

First name, etc.

Jones is his last name,

Last name, etc.

Now poor John is dead and gone,

Dead and gone, etc.

Left poor Mary a widow

A widow, etc.

Where shall we bury him,

Bury him, etc.

Up in the cookoo-yard,

Cookoo-yard, etc.

Twenty-four lilies at his feet,

At his feet, etc.

11. FROG IN THE MIDDLE²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Frog in the middle, en' 'e can't get out;

Take a little stick en' stir 'im about.

12. I SPY³

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

A bushel er wheat en' er bushel er rye;

All ain't ready, holler "I."

¹ For this line, cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 84.² A well-known game, in which the one in the middle of the circle slips out while the players have their eyes shut, and hides. Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 80.³ For other versions, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 226; vol. vi, p. 131.

A bushel er wheat, er bushel er clover;
All ain't hid can't hide over.

One, two, three, look out fer me!¹
I'm coming!

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

A bushel of wheat and a bushel of oats;
All that ain't hid, holler "Billy goat!"

C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Ben Bell; 1908)

Bushel of wheat and a bushel of rye;
All in three feet of my base I spy.

D

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1908)

One, two, three, look out for me!
I'm going to find you, wherever you be.

One, two, three, look out for me!
You'd better hide before I can see.

One, two, three, look out for me!
I see you behind that big tree.

All that ain't hid will say "I;"
Those that are hid, please don't lie.

13. WILLIAM TRIMBLETOE²

A

(From Virginia; white children; from memory; 1909)

Rimety, trimety, he's a good man,
Ketches hens an' puts 'em in pens;
Some lay eggs, an' some don't.
Wire brier, limber lock
Sits an' sings till twelve o'clock;
O-U-T spells out,
With — his — long — snout.

B

(From Mississippi; country children, white; from recitation of C. Longest; 1909)

William Trimbletoe, he's a good fisherman,
Kitches hins an' puts 'em in pins;
Some lay iggs, an' some none.

¹ In the game of "Hiding the Switch," the hider uses the words "Bread and butter, come to supper," to call the others to the search. Cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. i. p. 353.

² Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 388. For a study of counting-out rhymes, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. i, p. 31.

Wire brier, limber lock,
 Three geese in a flock;
 Some flew east, an' some flew wist,
 An' some flew over the cuckoo's nist.
 O-U-T spills out,
 You old dirty dish-clout,
 You go!

14. ENY MENY MINY MO

A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Eny meny miny mo¹
 Catch a nigger by the toe;
 If he hollers, let him go,
 Eny meny miny mo!
 Eny meny miny mo!
 Catch a nigger by the toe;
 If he hollers, make him pay
 Fifty dollars every day.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

Eny meny miny mo!
 Crack a fenny, finny, fo!
 Um a woosy, pop a tootsy,
 Rick, stick, band, do!

15. WUN A ME NOORY²

(From Virginia; Richmond children; recitation of Mrs. Longest; 1909)

Wun a me noory, ikka me Ann.
 Fillis an follis, Nicholas, Jan.
 Weever, wover, queever, quover,
 Sinktum, Sanktum, Buck.

16. THE OLD WOMAN³

A

(From Pennsylvania; Quakers; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

There was an old woman all skin an' bones . . .
 M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m,
 An' she went to the church . . .
 M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-
 An' when she got to the stile,
 She thought she'd rest a while.
 An' when she got to the door,
 She thought she'd rest a little more.

¹ This stanza has been printed many times.² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. i, p. 31.³ Cf. Halliwell, No. lxxxix. This rhyme is known traditionally also in East Tennessee.

An' when she came within the door,
She saw a dead man on the floor — Boo!

B

(From Kentucky; whites; MS. of C. B. Seymour; 1912)

There was an old crone lived all alone,
Just like unto another old crone.

She went unto the church one day
To hear the parson preach and pray.

She look-ed up, she look-ed down;
She saw a corp¹ upon the groun'.

She look-ed unto the parson, and said,
"Shall I look so when I am dead?"

The parson look-ed to her, and said,
"You will look so when you are dead."

She look-ed unto the parson, and said,
"Boo!"

17. OLD MARIAH²

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. C. Stokes)

Old Mariah jumped in the fire;
The fire was so hot, she jumped in the pot;
The pot was so black, she jumped in the crack;
The crack was so high, she jumped in the sky;
The sky was so blue, she jumped in the canoe;
The canoe was so deep, she jumped in the creek;
The creek was so shallow, she jumped in the tallow;
The tallow was so hard, she jumped in the lard;
The lard was so soft, she jumped in the loft;
The loft was so rotten, she jumped in the cotton;
The cotton was so white, she staid all night.

18. THE SWAPPING SONG³

(From Kentucky; country whites; MS. sent Mrs. Ewing Marshall from Western
Kentucky; 1912)

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I left upon the shelf.

Chorus

Tum a wing, wong, waddle-ding,
A Jack Straw, straddle-ding,
A John fair, faddle ding,
A long ways home.

¹ The use of the word "corp" seems archaic. I believe the form "corp" is not used outside of Northumberland.

² A rhyme of similar character is found in Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 223.

³ Of course the first four stanzas are traditional from the well-known nursery rhyme; but the rest have been added by the minstrel. The theme of swapping for things of less value is found frequently in folk-tales.

The rats and mice did give me such a life,
I had to go to London to get me a wife.

The creeks were so wide, and the streets were so narrow,
And I had to bring 'er home on an' old wheelbarrow.

My foot slipped and I got a fall,
And away went wheelb'ar, wife, and all.

I swapped my wheelb'ar and got a hoss,
And then I rode from Cross to Cross.

I swapped my hoss and got me a mare,
And then I rode from tare to tare.

I swapped my mare and got me a mule,
And then I rode like a dog-on fool.

I swapped my mule and got me a cow,
And in that trade I just learned how.

I swapped my cow and got me a calf,
And in that trade I just lost half.

I swapped my calf and got me a sheep,
And then I rode till I went to sleep.

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
And law! what a pretty thing I had then!

I swapped my hen and got me a rat,
And I sat it on a haystack to little cat.

I swapped my rat and got me a mole,
And the dog-on thing went straight to its hole!

19. OLD GRIMES

(From Kentucky; whites; from singing of Mrs. Helm; 1912)



Old Grimes is dead and laid in his grave,
H-m-m, laid in his grave.
The apple-tree came up and grew o'er his head,
H-m-m, grew o'er his head.

The bridle and saddle are laid on the shelf, etc.
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself, etc.

20. LITTLE BOY¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909)

Little boy, little boy, wher'd yer get yer britches?
"Daddy cut 'um out, en' mammy sewed the stitches."

¹ Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 294 (Alabama). I have this reported also from Mississippi.

21. SEE-SAW¹

(From Wisconsin; Madison children; 1909)

See-saw, buckety-waw, for my lady's daughter;
 Give her a ring and a silver spoon, and let my lady come under.
 Finger in the sugar-bowl! (*shouted*)

22. SCHOOL BUTTER²

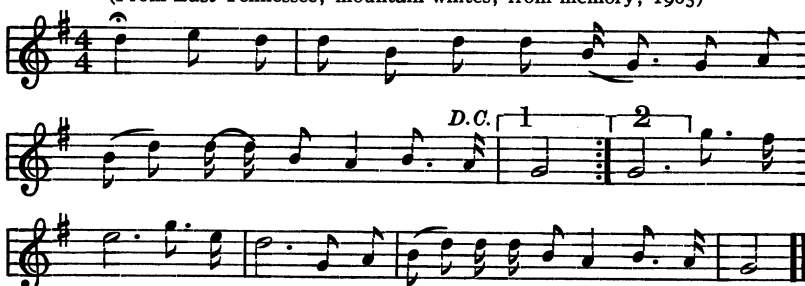
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)

School butter! chicken flutter (or fudder)!
 Rotten eggs fer yer daddy's supper!

IV. RELIGIOUS SONGS, AND PARODIES OF RELIGIOUS SONGS

I. WHEN THE LAST TRUMPET SHALL SOUND³

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

¹ Cf. Halliwell, No. ccv; Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. i, p. 100; vols. vii, xii, II, 185.² A cry of defiance to a boy who is disgraced by having to go to school. Any school-boy will fight anybody, no matter what his size, who calls "School butter" to him.

It may be interesting to note here, also, that the school-children in Tennessee converse with each other in certain languages supposedly secret. Dog Latin is of two varieties: (1) a language made by the addition of the syllables "-bus" and "-um" to English words; and (2) a language made by the spelling of each word with an alphabet in which the consonants are disguised by adding the vowel "a" and the consonant itself, or by adding the vowel "o" followed by "y." So the word "run" would be pronounced, "rar-u-nan." Both varieties of Dog Latin are hard to follow when they are spoken rapidly; but the children who practise them easily understand them.

Of interest, also, are the mnemonics used in the country singing-schools for the several major keys. "Girls Dread All Evil Boys First" indicates by successive initials the name of the corresponding key for the sharps, and "Four Boys Eat Apple Dumplings Greedily" serves for the flats.

³ One of the most promising fields for the investigator of the subject of communal composition is that of the religious revivals that are held every year in the mountains of East Tennessee. The people there are of a decidedly religious temperament. At least once a year, every church has a big "meetin'." The preacher usually delivers, on these occasions, an interminable amount of what seems to the uninitiated a mass of emotional rant. If there is more than one preacher present, each of them is expected to preach a sermon. I have known services to last from half-past ten to half-past two on Sundays. Sometimes the evening services are prolonged until nearly daybreak. Sometimes two or three exhorters are talking at one time. Often the sermons are not very intelligible; but the seed falls on good ground, and soon the whole congregation is in an uproar of religious frenzy. I have seen, at these meetings, dozens of people on the floor at one time, wildly

I hope to meet my father there:

When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!
 Who used to kneel with me in prayer:
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!

I'll be there! I'll be there!

I'll be there! I'll be there!

When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!

I hope to meet my mother there:

(*So on, through brother, sister, neighbor, preacher, etc.*)

gesticulating, and at the top of their voices shouting the praises of the Lord. This sort of thing is often kept up for hours, usually until the shouters, especially the women, are exhausted almost to the point of fainting, although fainting is an accomplishment of which these sturdy mountain-women know little.

All sorts of queer doctrines flourish among these people. A few years ago the Sanctified Band began to get a hold among them. The Sanctificationists teach that there is a second blessing, or work of grace, without which one cannot be saved. This blessing has the added advantage of enabling its possessor to live a holy and sinless life. The mountain-folk were slow to take hold of this doctrine; and its introduction was bitterly opposed, even to the point of violence. But in some localities it prospered, and its converts were now as violent in its defence as formerly they had been in opposing it. I remember one meeting, held near my home, in which straw was strewn on the floor for the seekers to kneel in, and for the purpose of providing a place for those already sanctified to "die" for their friends, even as Jesus died for sinners. This latter performance consists in falling into a trance, and remaining in such a condition for some hours; the time, of course, varying with the hard-heartedness of the one for whom the exertion is made. This is said to be one of the most powerful means of reclaiming sinners. I know of one girl who lay as dead, in such a trance, for eight hours. Another group was possessed of and practised the "holy dance." The native preachers are universal in their opposition to education. They believe that when they open their mouths, the Lord will take care to fill them with a true message. Education is regarded as a kind of sin. The Hard-shell Baptists are divided into two groups, — the one-seeders and the two-seeders. The latter believe that some men are born of God, and will be saved, regardless of their actions; others are naturally of the seed of the Devil, and can never be saved, no matter how much they may seek God. Matters of religion are of universal concern. It is seldom that a group of mountain-folk get together without discussing doctrinal questions, and reasoning high of Providence, foreknowledge, and other such Puritan subjects. For the mountain-folk are thoroughly conversant with the Bible, and woe to the missionary who comes among them unmindful of its words. "Whut do yer mean!" angrily said a leader of a mountain-clan to a friend of mine who was teaching school in his neighborhood last summer, "Whut do yer mean by tellin' my children that the world is round and the sun stands still? Do yer not know that the Bible says Joshuay made the sun stand still? It must move, then. And do yer not know that the Bible speaks of the four corners of the yearth and the eends of the yearth? How, then, can yer say it is round? Yer ought ter hev little Joshuay dawwn thar in yer school, en' larn him sump'n'!" The country debating-societies usually concern themselves with moral or biblical questions. I know of one case where a four-days' debate was held between what Baptist and Methodist preachers could be collected for the occasion. The subject of dispute was the proper form of baptism. Large and appreciative crowds listened to the arguments for the four days, and went home, each side believing the more firmly in its former position.

When religious revivals are in progress, all differences of locality and all family grudges are, for the time being, wiped out. Those who attend become a homogeneous throng, a

2. RISE, MOURNER, RISE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



Yes, I raly dew believe, jes' before the end uv time,
 We shell hyeur the angels sing in thet mornin';
 Rise, mourner, rise,¹ en' go meet 'em in the skies,
 Fer we'll hyeur the angels sing in thet mornin'.

3. ON HEAVEN'S BRIGHT SHORE²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



We have fathers gone to glory, (*thrice*)
 Gone to Heaven's bright shore;
 Some bright day we'll go en' jine 'em (*thrice*)
 On Heaven's bright shore.

unit in thought and purpose. In such meetings they must have singing. But sometimes books are lacking, or the memory of the brother who raised the song fails him. On such occasions (rare enough in the last few years), we have the miracle and *das Volk dichtet*, one fore-singer after another taking up the hymn, and adding his own contribution to the melting-pot.

Of such communal origin are, without question, the group of songs that run a sentiment through the entire list of relatives and neighbors. They sometimes find their way up into printed hymn-book versions; but one never sees the name of the author. They have come from the heart of the folk.

¹ The mourner is, of course, kneeling with his head bowed at the mourner's bench. Cf. the negro hymn quoted by Mrs. Cheshire under II, of this article, No. 35.

"Jes' look yonder what I see;
 Angels bid me ter come —
 See two angels callin' me;
 Angels bid me ter come.

"Rise an' shine, mourner, (*thrice*)
 Fur de angels bid 'er me ter come."

² Cf. *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 29.

4. THE PROMISED LAND

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

I have a father in the Promised Land, (*thrice*)
Way over in the Promised Land.

B

(From Mississippi; American Indians; recitation of Mr. C. Longest; 1909)

I have a father in the prag-a-nat-a-la,¹ (*twice*)
Ni yai yo, niji naiji prag, coji privi in the praganatala.

Je-we-ji privi in the prag-a-nat-a-la, (*twice*)
Ni yai yo, niji naiji prag, coji privi in the prag-a-nat-a-la.

5. THE OLD-TIME RELIGION²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

'Tis the ole-time religion, (*thrice*)
En' it's good enough fer me.

It was good fer our fathers,
En' it's good enough fer me.

It was good fer our mothers, etc.
(*So, through all the family relations*)

It was good fer our preacher, etc.

It was good fer our neighbors, etc.

¹ The letters in these Indian words have the sounds given them in the alphabet used by the American Dialect Society. For a similar Indian song, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, p. 236. Mr. U. H. Smith gives me, from the country whites of Indiana (1908), the refrain from a hymn: —

"I have a father in that kingdom,
Sittin' on the seat with Jesus."

A friend of Miss Heft reports from Thomasville, Ky., this negro version: —

"My Lord called me and I mus' go
Way over in the Promised Land;
I got a mother in the Promised Land,
I expect to meet her and shake her hand
Way over in the Promised Land."

² Versions of this have been printed in hymn-books; but the origin seems popular. Each locality has its own stanzas. The last two lines show an accretion that came lately in Grainger County, Tennessee. The Sanctificationists taught that the use of tobacco is a sin. Many people, under the stress of their religious feelings, gave it up. The stanza records their feeling. Cf. also the popular rhyme: —

"I do not use the filthy weed;
I hate the man that sowed the seed."

I remember distinctly when the last stanza was composed. There had been a heavy rain, and only the extremely devout had ventured up the mountain-streams that serve regularly for roads. But these sang, after they reached the church, —

"Makes me wade the mud to meetin'."

It was good fer Paul an' Silas, etc.
(*So, through any number of Bible characters*)
It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.
It was tried in the den of lions, etc.
Makes me love everybody, etc.
Makes me happy, soul en' body, etc.
Makes me want to go to Heaven, etc.
Makes me hate the snuff en' the dipper, etc.
Makes me wade the mud to meetin', etc.

6. OLE-TIME CO'N LICKER¹

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

Give me that ol'-time co'n licker, (*thrice*)
It's good enough fer me.

It was good enough fer father, etc.
It was made in Hickory hollow, etc.
It's good enough fer the mountains, etc.
It'll cost you two per gallon, etc.
It'll make you feel like fightin', etc.

7. I FOUND A PEANUT²

(From Mississippi; college-boys; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1908)

I found a peanut, (*twice*)
I found a peanut just now,
(Just now I found a peanut,
I found a peanut just now).

Where did you 'find it? etc.
What did you do with it? etc.
I broke it open, etc.
What was in it? etc.
It was empty, etc.

¹ Of course, the profane are constantly making parodies of the genuinely religious songs. This represents the negroes as "celebrating the licker."

² Here we see the college-boys parodying and building up by communal composition something like a story. This was sung to the tune of "Come to Jesus," a song which is itself of folk-origin, I think.

8. SINNERS WILL CRY

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Sinners will cry fer the rocks in the mountains, (*thrice*)
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun'.

9. YOU MUST BE BORND AGIN

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



You must be bornd agin, agin;
 You must be bornd agin;
 Without a change, you can't be saved;
 You must be bornd agin.

10. I AM GOING TO THE GRAVE TO SLEEP

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



I am goin' tew the grave tew sleep, —
 Tew sleep that sleep, that long, sweet sleep;
 I am goin' tew the grave to sleep.

11. THE RAM'S HORN BLOWED

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The ram's horn blowed; the children did shout;
 The winders flew open, en' they all looked out.
 O John! sing hallelulyer!
 O John! sing hallelulyer!
 Fer the spirit uv the Lord has fell upon me.

We took the little baby to the new buryin'-groun',
 En' there we laid its little body down,
 O John! sing hallelulyer!
 O John! sing hallelulyer!
 Fer the spirit uv the Lord has fell upon me.

12. HUNTIN' A HOME TO GO TO

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

When I was young en' a mourner like you,
 I was huntin' a home to go to;
 I never stopped till I got through,¹
 I was huntin' a home to go to.

13. LORD, I WANT MORE RELIGION

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



Religion makes me happy, en' then I want to go
 To leave this world of sorrer en' trouble hyeur below.
 Lord, I want more religion (*thrice*)
 To help me on to God.

14. METHODIST

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Methodist, Methodist, while I live,
 Methodist till I die;
 Been baptized in the faith,
 An' fed on Methodist pie.

15. MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN²

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Saddle the cat, an' I'll get on;
 Gimme a stick, an' I'll lay on;
 Open the gate, an' I'll be gone.

¹ The technical term for "getting religion."² Evidently a mnemonic for remembering the evangelists. Cf. Halliwell, No. clxxx, and Chambers, p. 149.

16. NEBUCHADNEZZAR

A

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews,
Bought his grandmother a new pair of shoes.

B

(From Massachusetts; Boston; 1912)

Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews,
Took off his stockings and spit in his shoes.

17. HICKORY STEEPLE

(From Kentucky; whites; 1912)

Ez I wuz goin' to Hickory Steeple,
There I met some cullud people;
Some wuz black, en' some wuz blackuh,
En' some wuz black ez a chaw uv terbacuh.

18. JESSE COLE¹

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; taken down from singing by E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

To one and all, both great and small, this story I will unfold;
It makes me sad to think about the doom of Jesse Cole.
They lodged him in the Knoxville jail; it is a dreadful charge;
He says that he is innocent of killing Samuel Large.

It's true it's sad to think of such a death to die;
Yet men could shun those reckless crowds, if they would only try.
Cole has a wife and children to leave as many a man has done.
Those bloody works for which he is to hang some other might have done.

He says upon the witness-stand they swore his life away.
Every knee shall bow and tongue confess at the coming judgment-day,
In the gloomy walls confined to stay until that dreadful hour,
And then his soul must fly away to meet the Higher Power.

All on that day his devoted friends will stand around, perhaps his troubled
wife,

This enough to make the sinner turn to live a better life.
Parents teach your children while in the tender years [youth?]
To try to shun all evils and always tell the truth.
Teach them there is a God to fear, it's always best to think,²
Also beware of gambling-cards, and always shun strong drink.

God fixed a way for all to live; He suffered on the cross,
Grace to every soul he gives; He would that none be lost;

¹ A moral ballad rather than a hymn. Its source is not necessarily the preacher. It comes, more probably, from the moral consciousness of the folk. The manuscript has the note, "Composed by W. M. Day. From Tennessee, Old."

² With something of the Elizabethan sense.

Be innocent or guilty, on God he must rely:
 The twenty-first of December they have set for Cole to die.
 All on that day they'll crowd around close by the window tent
 To hear the last words of a man whose life is at an end.¹

19. I'VE A LONG TIME HEARD

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin)



I've a long time heard the sun will be bleeding,
 The sun will be bleeding, the sun will be bleeding,
 I've a long time heard the sun will be bleeding:
 Sinner, where will you stand in that day?

I've a long time heard the angels will be singing, etc.
 I've a long time heard the devils will be howling, etc.
 I've a long time heard sinners would be crying, etc.

20. DON'T YER HEAR DEM BELLS?

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Wukking all day in de cotton an' de corn,
 Wid my feet an' my han's so so',
 Looking fer ole Gab'l to blow his horn,
 So I won't hab ter wuk no mo'.

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)
 Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)
 Dey are ringin' up de glory ob de morn.
 Hallelujah!
 Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)
 Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)
 Dey are ringin' up de glory ob de morn.

21. SO GLAD

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

So-o glad! So-o glad!
 What are you so glad about?
 Sins forgiven an' my soul sot free!
 So-o glad! So-o glad!

¹ Pronounced regularly "ent."

22. SATAN'S MAD

A

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Satan's mad and I am glad;¹
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?
 He missed dat soul he thought he had;
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?

Hoe yer corn, hoe yer corn. Moses!
 Hoe yer corn!
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?

B

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Satan's mad and I am glad;
 Sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, in my face dis mornin',
 Sunshine in my face.
 He missed dat soul he thought he had;
 Sunshine, sunshine, etc.

C

(From Virginia; ?; from memory; 1909)

Ole Satan's got an iron shoe;
 If you don't min', he'll put it on you.

23. THE LITTLE ANGELS

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Dere's one, dere's two, dere's three, little angels,
 Dere's four, dere's five, dere's six, little angels,
 Dere's seven, dere's eight, dere's nine, little angels,
 Dere's ten little angels in de band.

Chorus

I'se gwine Sunday mornin', (*thrice*)
 Sunday mornin' fair.

Dere's 'leben, dere's twelve, thirteen, little angels,
 Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, little angels,
 Sebenteen, eighteen, nineteen, little angels,
 Dere's twenty little angels in de band.

24. O DEATH!

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Sinner, I come to you by Hebbin's decree;
 This very night you must go wid me.

"O-o death! O-o death!
 How kin I go wid you?"

¹ Cf. the popular rhyme, which I have heard both in North Carolina and in Massachusetts:—

"Charlie's mad en' I am glad, en' I know whut'll please him:
 A bottle uv ink fuh him to drink, en' a pretty girl to squeeze him."

“Jes’ like a flower in its bloom,
Why should you cut me down so soon?

O-o death! O-o death!
How kin I go wid you?”

25. DONE WRIT DOWN YO’ NAME

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Rise, mourner, rise, and don’t be ashamed;
Fer Jesus Christ, de Lamb of God,
Done writ down yo’ name.

“I believe it!”¹ (*Shouted by the preacher*)

Done writ down yo’ name.

“Up in Heaven!”

Done writ down yo’ name.

“On de Lamb’s Book!”

Done writ down yo’ name.

I hear dem bells a-ringin’;
It’s time fer me to go;
De hebbenly breakfast waitin’
On de hebbenly sho’.

“I believe it!”

Done writ down *my* name. etc.

26. MY GOOD LAWD

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Oh, ain’t dat a mighty wonder!
Oh, ain’t dat a mighty talk!
To see dat man wid de palsy
Pick up his bed, an’ walk.

My good Lawd been here, bless my soul! an’ gone away.

Oh! when I get’s up in de Heaben,
I’s gwine stan’ on de sea ob glass,
An’ make my inquisition,
Hab I got home at last!

27. OH! WHAR SHALL I BE?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh! whar shall I be when de great trumpet soun’?
Oh! whar shall I be when it soun’ so loud? —
When it soun’ so loud, de dead will all arise,
Oh! whar shall I be when it soun’?

Oh! whar shall I be when de dinner-horn blow?
Oh! whar shall I be when it blow so loud? —
When it blow so loud, de hungry’ll all feel proud,²
Oh! whar shall I be when it sound?

¹ We have here the beginning of a kind of religious drama.

² “Proud” in the sense of “happy” is common in the South.

28. THIS WORK IS 'MOST DONE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

We are climbin' Jacob's ladder, (*thrice*)
For this work is 'most done.

Preachers, don't get weary, etc.

Every round goes higher, etc.

Brethren, don't get weary, etc.

Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin', etc.

Sisters, don't get weary, etc.

29. MY LORD, HE DIED ON DE CROSS

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Yonder come chillun dressed in white;¹
Look lak de chillun ob de Israelite.

Refrain

My Lord, he died on de cross.

Yonder come chillun dressed in red;
Look lak chillun what Moses led.

Yonder come chillun dressed in black;
Look lak de hypercrits turnin' back.

30. PHARAOH'S ARMY GOT DROWNEDED²

A

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905)



Who's dat comin', all dressed in red?
One uh dem people dat Pharaoh led.
Pharaoh's army got drowned,
O Mary! don't yuh weep.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 437.² "Pharaoh's Army" was popular all over the South some fifteen or twenty years ago. It certainly must have circulated in printed form. But, even if its origin be in a machine-made ballad, it is now in the possession of the folk, and has had added to it some assuredly popular stanzas. I have heard a large number of more or less obscene verses sung to this music, such as those that follow the lead of—

"I've got a girl in Baltimore;
Street-car runs right by her door."

"I've got a gal in Jellico;
She don't write to me no more."

O Mary! don't yuh weep, don't yuh mone;
Pharaoh'll come en' take yuh home.
Pharaoh's army got drowned,
O Mary! don't you weep.

If I could, I really would,
Stan' on de rock where Moses stood.
Pharaoh's army, etc.

Some uh dese nights, 'bout twelve uh clock,
Dis ole wo'l 's gwine tuh reel an' rock.
Pharaoh's army, etc.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

If I could, I surely would,
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.
Pharaoh's army got drowned.

Chorus

O Mary! don't you weep, don't you moan, (*twice*)
Pharaoh's army, got drowned.
O Mary! don't you weep no more.

Wake up, Mary, and turn on the light;
See the monkey and the polecat fight.

Way up yonder, where the light shines bright,
They don't [need] any electric lights.

You ride the billy goat and I ride the mule;
First one get to Heaven can sit in the cool.

C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

I went up yonder last Saturday night
To see the devil and a tiger fight.
Pharaoh's army got drowned,
O Mary! don't you weep.

31. YOU SHALL BE FREE

A

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of South Carolina lady; 1909)

There was a moanish lady
Lived in a moanish land,
And she had a moanish daughter,
Who could moan at de Lord's command.

Chorus

Moanish lady, an' you shall be free!¹
Oh! moanish honey, an' you shall be free!
Oh! moanish nigger, an' you shall be free,
W'en de good Lord calls you home.

¹ With this chorus, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 376.

Oh! warn't Mr. Noah de foolish man
 To build his house on de sinking of de san';
 Along come de rain, an' den come de hail,
 And den come de elephant widout any tail.

Funny animal, an' you shall be free, etc.

Oh! my gal Sal, she am de card!
 She wark right out in de white folks yard;
 She cook de goose, and she gib me de stuffing,
 An' she think I'm a-wukkin'
 W'en I ain't a-doin' nuffin'.

Lazy nigger, an' you shall be free, etc.

Ef you want to go to Heben, an' you don' know what to do,
 Jes' grease yourself wif a mutton stew;
 Along come de Debbil, an' he take you by de han',
 But you slip right thru to the Promise' Lan'.

Slippery nigger, an' you shall be free, etc.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

If you want to go to Heaven, I'll tell you what to do:
 Just grease all over with a mutton soo.
 Then if the Devil gets after you with his greasy hand,
 Just slide right over into the Promised Land.

32. UNCLE EPHRAIM GOT DE COON

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

As I was coming through my field,
 A black snake bit me on de heel;
 Dey carried me home, and laid me on de bed;
 De ole folks said, "Dat nigger is dead."

Uncle Eph'm got de coon and gone on, gone on, gone on,
 Uncle Eph'm got de coon and gone on,
 And left me watching up de tree.

What kind of shoes did de angels wear,
 Slipping and sliding through de air?
 A great big shoe and a gov'mint sox:
 Just drap all de money in de missionary-box.

Uncle Eph'm, etc.

33. OLD NOAH

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Here's old Norah,¹
 Stick him in the bosom; (*thrice*)
 Here's old Norah, stick him in the bosom,
 And let old Norah go.

¹ For this spelling, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 435.

Here's old Norah's daughter,
Stick her in the bosom; (*thrice*)
Here's old Norah's daughter, stick her in the bosom,
And let old Norah go.

Here's a long giraffe,
Stick him, etc.

Here's a humped-back camel,
Stick him, etc.

Here's a great big elephant,
Stick him, etc.

Here's a little monkey,
Stick him, etc.

Here's a big kangaroo,
Stick him in the bosom: (*thrice*)
The flood is all over,
Let old Norah go.¹

34. ADAM WAS THE FIRST MAN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Adam was the first man that ever was invented;
He lived all alone, and he never grew co[n]tented.²
Along come Eve, and they had a battle;
Sot up a tree, and they fotched down an apple;
They fotched down two, and each took one,
And ever since then the trouble begun.

Along come Noah, stumbling in the dark;
Picked up a hammer, and built himself an ark;
In come the animals, two by two, —
The hippo hippo potumus and the kikangaroo.

35. JONAH

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908)

A whale come along, and he was a snorter;
He lifted old Jonah right out of the water.

Old Jonah, like a fool, got as stubborn as a mule;
But the whale made him quickly disappear.

Jonah's knife out he drew, and he cut the whale in two,
And he floated to the shore on his ear.

36. THE LORD MADE THE OCEAN

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908)

The Lord he made the ocean,
And then he made the whale,
And then he made a raccoon
With a ring around his tail.

¹ The negroes are very fond of telling in verse stories from the Bible.

² Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xii, p. 250, where Adam is represented as wanting a wife.

37. THE ELEPHANT

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

God Almighty made an elephant,
 He made him big and stout;
 But the elephant was not satisfied
 Till God Almighty made him a snout.

38. GOD MADE DE BEE¹

A

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905)

God made de bee, and de bee made honey;
 God made man, an' de man made money;
 God made Satan, an' Satan made sin;
 God made a hole, an' rolled Satan in.

B

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of Miss Josephine McGill; 1912)

Satan got mad, an' said he wouldn't stay;
 God tol' Satan that he couldn't get away.

39. CAIN AND ABEL

(From Virginia; negroes; MS. given me by E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

Some folks say that Cain killed Abel;²
 Yes, my Lord!
 He hit him in the head with the leg of a table;
 Yes, my Lord!

Starry light and starry crown,
 I'll be ready when the worl' turns round,
 I'll be ready, I'll be ready, Lord;
 I'll be ready when the world turns round.

40. OH, MY SOUL!³

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. given me by E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

Oh, my soul, my soul! I'm going to rest
 In the arms of the angel Ga-bri-el!
 An' I'll climb on the hill, an' I'll look to the west,
 An' I'll cross the river Jordan to the land.

¹ The song of which this is a fragment is known in Virginia and Indiana.² With this account of the first murder, cf. the song (rather of the broadside type) which I heard a travelling singer give at a party in East Tennessee some fifteen years ago:—

"I am a highly educated man;
 To keep my brains within my head I plan;
 I've been on earth so long, that I sung this little song
 When Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.
 I saw Cain when he killed Abel in the glade,
 And I know the game was poker that they played;
 But there is where's the rub, did he kill him with a club?
 Oh, no! he only hit him with a spade."

I believe this has already found its way to the college song-book.

An' I'll sit me down in my old armchair,
An' of burdens yonder I'll never tire;
An' I'll hear old Satan sneeze, but I'll take my ease;
An' I'll warm myself by the holy fire.

An' I'll shout, an' I'll dance,
An' I'll rise up early in the morn;
Oh, my friends, my friends! I'll be there on time,
When old Gabriel am a-blowing of his horn.

41. GOD'S HEAVEN¹

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

David play on your harp, hallelu', hallelu'!

I got a crown, you got a crown, all God's chillun got a crown;
When I get to Heaven, I'm goin' a-put on my crown, and shout all over
God's Heaven.

I got shoes, you, etc.

When I get to Heaven, I'm goin' a-put on my shoes, and walk all over
God's Heaven.

Everybody talking 'bout Heaven — ain't going there!
Heaven! we'll shout all over God's Heaven.

42. TALK ABOUT ME

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

Talk about me, talk about you,
Talk about everybody;
Thank God Almighty, if the Bible's true,
Ain't no talkers in Heaven.

Lie on me, lie on you,
Lie on everybody;
The angels in Heaven done wrote it down,
There ain't no liars in Heaven.

43. YOU'RE GOIN-A-MISS ME

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

I went into the wilderness,
And I didn't go to stay;
My soul got happy,
And I staid all day.
Church, I know you're goin-a-miss me when I'm gone.

¹ As will be seen, there is neither rhyme nor metre to this. Such is the case with a large number of negro songs; they are made up of just a string of emotional language sung to some simple melody. Sometimes a rhyme creeps in, and now and then a line is smoothed down to metrical form. If the song is good enough to survive, it is improved sometimes by successive singers, until it reaches something like poetic form. But this and other songs in this manuscript will serve to show how rude are the beginnings.

I went by the graveyard,
 To take a little walk;
 Me and King Jesus
 Had a little talk.
 Friend, I know you're goin-a-miss me when I'm gone.

Chorus

You're goin-a-miss me by my walk,
 You're goin-a-miss me by my talk,
 Yes, I know you're goin-a-miss me when I'm gone.

44. GOIN' HOME

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

Get ready, chillun, less go home (*thrice*)
 On the mornin' train.

When the doctor gives me out,
 I'm goin' home on the mornin' train.

Back the hearse to my door, etc.

I'm sick, and I can't get well, etc.

When you see me enter my grave, etc.

45. WE WILL WAIT ON DE LAWD

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912)



One day ez I wuz walkin'¹
 Along dat lonesome road,
 My hahuht wuz filled wid rapture,
 An' I hyeuhd de voice uv Gawd.

We will wait on de Lawd, we'll wait, we'll wait;
 We'll wait on de Lawd.

46. NO HIDIN'-PLACE

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of Miss A. Howard; 1912)

Dahuh's no hidin'-place daown dah-uh!
 Uh went tuh de rock tuh hide muh face,
 De rock said, "Back, no hidin'-place!"
 Dah-uh's no hidin'-place daown dah-uh!

¹ A song beginning in the same way is reported in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. x, p. 116.

De sinnuh mæn gamble, en' he fell; (*thrice*)
 He wanted tuh go tuh Heb'n, but he went tuh hell.
 De sinnuh mæn stood at de gates u' hell; (*thrice*)
 De gates flew op'n, en' in he fell.¹

V. SONGS CONNECTED WITH THE RAILROAD

I. DRIVIN' STEEL²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Drivin' steel, drivin' steel,
 Drivin' steel, boys, is hard work, I know;
 Drivin' steel, drivin' steel,
 Drivin' steel, boys, is hard work, I know.
 Treat me right, treat me right,
 Treat me right, boys, I'm boun' to stay all day;
 Treat me wrong, treat me wrong,
 Treat me wrong, boys, I'm boun' to run away.
 Boss man, boss man,
 See the boss man comin' down the line;
 Boss man, boss man,
 See the boss man comin' down the line.

2. JOHN HENRY³

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



If I could drive steel like John Henry,
 I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.

This ole hammer killed John Henry,
 Drivin' steel, Baby, drivin' steel.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 436, for a version of this song.

² This song is used by the workmen as they drive the drill into the rock. The rhythm marks the time of the hammer-strokes. The man who "shakes" must know when to turn the drill, and, if there are two striking, they must both necessarily keep good time.

³ Among the workmen on the railroads in the South there has been formed a considerable body of verse about John Henry, a famous steel-driving man. For one stanza reported from North Carolina, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 249. The simple form lends itself easily to communal composition.

If I had forty-one¹ dollars,
 I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.
 I'm goin' home, en' tell little Annie
 Uv my triuls, Baby, uv my triuls.

B

(From Indiana; ?; MS. of Mr. Davidson)

Did you hear that rain-crow hollering?
 Sign of rain, Baby, sign of rain.
 If I had forty-one dollars,
 I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.

C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

This old hammer killed John Henry,
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!
 This old hammer killed Bill Dooley,
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!
 This old hammer weighs forty pounds, sah!
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!

D

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of W. P. Cassedy; 1909)

John Henry got in his buggy,
 And tightened up his reins,
 And passed by those ladies,
 Like a shower of rain.
 John Henry used to sing: "I owe you some money,
 I haven't got no small change,
 But I'll bet you five dollars
 I will see you again."

E

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

When John Henry was a little boy,
 Sitting on his papa's knee,
 Was a-lookin down at a piece of steel,
 "For a steel-driving man I want to be."
 When they take John Henry down to the tunnel,
 Well, they set him head for to drive;
 For the rocks so tall, John Henry was so small,
 Threw down his hammer, and he cried.
 Well, they set John Henry on the right-hand corner,
 A steam-driller was on the left;
 "Before I let the steam-driller hammer me down,
 I'll hammer my fool self to death.

¹ A favorite number with the folk; cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 243.

"If I die a railroad man,¹
Go bury me under the rail ties,
With my pick and my shovel at my head and feet,
And my nine-pound hammer in my hand."

John Henry he come walkin' out;
He looked all around and above,
Wrapped up his hammer and paper and silk,
And sent it to the woman whom he loved.

John Henry had a lovin' little wife,
Sometimes she was dressed in red;
She went walkin' down the track, and she never looked back;
She said, "I'm goin' where my honey fell dead."

John Henry had a lovin' little wife,
Sometimes she was dressed in blue;
Went to the graveyard where his dead body lies;
"John Henry, I've always been true to you."

When John Henry was a little boy,
Sittin' on his grandpa's knee:
"That big tunnel on the C and O line
Is going to be the death of me."²

3. WHEN I'M DEAD

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. LeTellier; 1907)

When I'm dead, dead en' gone,
You ken hyer the train I'm on,
You ken hyer the whistle blow a thousand miles.
If I die a railroad man,
Jes' bury me in the san',
Where I ken hyer ole Six Hundred roll in the mornin'.³

4. CASEY JONES⁴

A

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Casey Jones was a brave engineer;
Casey looked at the fireman, and the fireman said,

¹ This stanza is evidently out of shape; it looks, too, as if it had been brought in from some other song. Cf. the song following this.

² A note on the manuscript says, "About half of the 'John Henry' here; very long." Mr. C. B. House tells me there is a song in Clay County, Kentucky, about John Henry, a steel-driving man.

³ For a similar sentiment, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 244.

⁴ During the winter of 1908-09, I found the State of Mississippi full of versions of a song, very popular then, called "Casey Jones." The several versions I was able to get, I print here. Mr. Barry says this song was composed by one man, William Saunders; but as yet I have been able to learn no date for its composition. Certainly the version which I give as "E" was current in East Tennessee as early as 1905; and the disaster therein located at or near Corbin, Ky. Furthermore, in 1908 the song was already in the possession of the people of Mississippi, and each singer was shaping the verses to suit himself.

“What do you care?
If I keep your boilers red and hot,
We’ll make it to Canton by four o’clock.”

Casey Jones was a brave engineer,
He died with the throttle in his right hand.

All the way by the last board he passed,
Thirty-five minutes late with the S mail.¹
Casey Jones said to his fireman,
“We’ll make it to Canton, or leave the rail;
We are thirty-five minutes late with the S mail.”

Just as he got in a mile of the place,
He spied number Thirty-five right in his face.
Said to the fireman, “You’d better jump!
For these locomotives are bound to bump.”

When Casey’s family heard of his death,
Casey’s daughter fell on her knees,
“Mamma! mamma! how can it be,
Papa got killed on the old I. C.?”

“Hush your mouth, don’t draw a breath;
We’ll draw a pension from Casey’s death!”

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Casey Jones left Jackson Yards;
When he left, he was sober;
But when he came over Bolivar Hill,
Six Hundred and Eighteen turned over.

The fireman said to Casey Jones,
“What in the world’s the matter?”
“Six Hundred and Eighteen’s done hopped the track,
And forty-one cars scattered.”

“You go down the new cut road,²
And I’ll go down the Central;
We’ll both meet in Bethlehem,
And both go home together.”

C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

Casey Jones was an engineer;
He told his fireman not to fear.
“I just want you to keep the boiler hot,
And I’ll run her into Canton at four o’clock.”

¹ The United States mail?

² This stanza has a definite folk-flavor. It also reminds one of a stanza in “Loch Lomond.”

And I'll run her into Canton at four o'clock; (*twice*)
I just want you to keep the boiler hot;
And I'll run her into Canton at four o'clock.

I got up this morning, and it looked like rain;
Around the curve come the passenger train;
On that train was Casey Jones;
A good engineer, but he's dead and gone.

A good engineer, etc.

D

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

David Jones was a good engineer;
He told his fireman not to fear;
All he wanted was steam and coal.
"Stick your head out the window, see the drivers roll,
See the drivers roll!
Stick your head out the window, and see the drivers roll."

Early one morning, when it looked like rain,
Around the curve come the gravel train;
On that train was David Jones:
He's a good old rounder, but he's dead and gone,
But he's dead and gone,
He's a good old rounder, but he's dead and gone.

E

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. LeTellier; 1905)

Las' Monday mornin' 'twas drizzlin' rain;
Aroun' the curve come a passenger train;
Engineer Farmer said tell his wife
That Two Sixty-nine had stole his life.

Said, "Poke in the coal, en' get the boiler hot,
En' run into Corbin by four o'clock."

F

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of W. P. Cassedy; 1909)

Casey Jones was long and tall;
He pulled the throttle on the cannon-ball;
Pull[ed] the whistle, and gave a squall;
Said, "I'm going to ride the scoundrel to Niagra Fall."

G

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

Old Tom Jones was a good engineer,
Said to his fireman, "Don't have no fear;
A little more water, and then some coal,
Stick your head out the window, and watch the drivers roll."

5. ENGINE NUMBER NINE

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909)

Engine, engine, Number Nine,
 Travellin' on the Chicago line,
 When she's polished, don't she shine!
 Engine, engine, Number Nine!

6. YOU CAUSE ME TO WEEP

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Yer cause me ter weep, en' yer cause me ter mourn,
 En' yer cause me ter leave my home;¹
 En' I'll never see my baby any more (*twice*).

I looked at the sun, en' the sun looked high;
 I looked at the boss, en' the boss looked shy.

7. GO DOWN, PICK!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. LeTellier, 1912)



I looked at the shovel, en' the shovel looked clean;
 I looked at the boss, en' the boss looked mean;
 I looked at the sun, en' the sun looked high:
 Go daown, pick; go daown, er die!

8. ONE FER THE MONEY²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

One fer the money, two fer the show,
 Three ter make ready, en' four ter go!

9. OLD JAY GOULD

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. LeTellier; 1907)

Ole Jay Goul'³ said, before he died,
 He'd fix a way fer hobos to ride.

Said, "Ride on the bumpers, en' ride on the rods,⁴
 En' trust your life in the han's uv God!"

¹ For this refrain, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 245; vol. xxiv, p. 387.² Used by workmen in handling a heavy timber.³ Jay Gould was supposed to own most of the railroads. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 384, where "Jay-gooze" seems to be for "Jay Gould."⁴ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 279.

B

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Jay Gould said, [before he died]
"Fix my train so the bums can't ride."

C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of L. A. Harrison; 1909)

Old man Vanderbilt said, before he died,
"Just one more road I wanted to ride;
The Central Georgia burns nothing but coal:
Poke your head out the window, and watch the drivers roll."

IO. MONAKERS ON A WATER-TANK¹

(From Mississippi; white mechanics; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909)

I was riding on an east-bound freight,
Goin' to Chicago.
Said the head-end shack
As went came to Fargo,
"If you're no rank gay-cat or cronicker,
Just utilize your pleasure moments,
Scratching up your monaker.

I strolled up to the water-tank,
Marked all up with chalk,
With names of bo's from every State
From 'Frisco to New York.
There was Boston Slim, New Orleans Jim,
Shorty Bob, and 'Frisco Red,
Billie Do, and Sailor Jack,
Louie Tom, and Buffalo Ned.

These were some of the monakers
Upon that water-tank.

I walked right up to register;
The express train pulled in;
The passengers surrounded me
As though I'd done some sin.
One says, "Old bo', you'd better hustle,
Or you'll be left behind."
I wrote up my monaker,
And climbed upon the blind.

¹ Taken from the singing of workmen in the railroad shops in Water Valley, Miss. "Monaker" is a hobo word for "signature," such as the tramp often puts up in public places.

II. WITH A CHICKEN ON MY BACK

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909)



With a chicken on my back,
 I'm goin' to my shack,
 En' it's nobody's business but mine.
 Lord! Lord!
 En' it's nobody's business but mine.¹

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

With them bloodhounds on my track,
 And a chicken on my back,
 I'se gwine to make it to my shanty, if I can.

If I can, can, can,
 If I can, can, can,
 I'se gwine to make it to my shanty, if I can.

With a ham-bone on my back,
 And them bloodhounds on my back [Qy. track?]
 I'se gwine to keep my skillet greasy, if I can.

C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts)

Chickens on my back, and bloodhounds on my track,
 I've got to make it to my shanty, if I can.

Rabbit on the log, got no rabbit dog,
 Shoot him with my pistol forty-four.

12. FO' HUNDUD MILES FUM HOME

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

The rain it rained, the wind it blew,
 The hail it hailed, and the snow it snew;
 And I wuz fo' hundud miles away fum home.

The tracks wuz filled with snow,
 When I heard the station blow;
 And I wuz, etc.

¹ Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 357.

We just crossed Deadman's Track
When No. 14 hit our back;
And I wuz, etc.

13. DE DUMMY

A

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Away down yonder on Sixteenth Street,
De niggers dey have sech great big feet!
Dey go to bed, but tain't no use;
Fer dey feet stick out fer de chickens to roos'.

Two lil' niggers, one Saturday night,
Tried to go to Hebben on de tail ob a kite;
De tail it broke, and de niggers dey fell;
Dey tried to go to Hebben, but they went to [hell].¹

Dey oughter been arrested, (*thrice*)
'Tain't no lie!

Got on de dummy, didn't have no fare;
Conductor axed me what I doin' dere;
Hit me on de head wid a two by fo';
Ain't gwine ride on de dummy no mo'.

On de dummy, on de dummy,
Gwine ter ride and shine;
Gwine ter ride and shine, and pay my fine,
When I ride on de dummy line.

Some folks say de dummy don't run;
But jes' lemme tell what de dummy done, done:
Lef' Atlanta at half-pas' seven,
And got to Savannah at half-pas' 'leben.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909)

Some folks say de dummy don't run;
But lemme tell you what de dummy done, done:
Left Atlanta at half-past one,
And went round de world by de settin' of de sun.

14. I WANT A LITTLE WATER

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909)

Working on the railroad, sleeping on the ground,
Waiting for that lazy boy to pass the jug around.

I want a little more water, Johnny!
A little more water, boy!
A little more water, Johnny!
Every little once and a while.

¹ The verses in this stanza sound like an importation from "Shorten' Bread."

I went down in town, I didn't go to stay;
 I fell in love with a black-eyed girl, and couldn't come away
 I want a little water, etc.

15. CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Captain, captain! my feet are cold!
 "Doggone your feet! let them wheelers¹ roll."

Hang the harness on the rack;
 Work no more till the captain comes back.

Going down the river with my good clothes on
 Going down the river where they do pay more.

Wake up in the morning, I'll be gone;
 On my way to the crawfish pond.

I killed Bill Johnson, I killed him dead;
 Killed him 'bout dat crawfish head.

16. I WENT DOWN TO THE DEPOT

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Leverett; 1909)

I went down to the depot,
 And a little bit down the track,
 Waiting for dat cannon-ball²
 To bring my Baby back.

17. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE CAPTAIN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909)

Keep your eye on the captain, (*thrice*)
 And rat³ as much as you please.

18. HORSE AND BUGGY⁴

(From Mississippi; negroes; from the singing of a grading crew; 1909)



Uh'm gon tell yuh
 'Bout my pardner.
 Haws en' buggy
 Take a ride!

¹ The wheelbarrows with which the negroes are moving dirt. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 381.

² A humorous name for the slow trains of the South.

³ That is, "waste time," "idle."

⁴ This represents the simplest form of negro work-song. The simple refrain—"take a ride"—echoes the height of the negro's ambition. The verses have no rhyme except as accidental. The negro sings all day, to the monotonous melody, just what comes into his mind; any negro in the gang being free to add his own stanza to the song. For a similar song, possibly another version of this, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 384.

Las' July
He fell sprawlin'.

Las' July
He died.

Pick en' shovel.
Git yuh daown!

Jamaica ginger,
Burn yuh out!

19. ON THE RAILROAD

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. LeTellier; 1910)



There's many a man been killed upon the railroad,
Railroad, railroad;
There's many a man been killed upon the railroad,
En' cast in his lonely grave.

20. THE STATE OF ARKANSAW¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. LeTellier; 1910)

My name is John the Bummer, with a budget on my back,
Trampin' daown the railroad, trampin' daown the track;
Trampin' daown the railroad, a village there I saw,
Trampin' daown the railroad, in the State uv Arkinsaw.

I went daown to the station; the agent there I saw,
Selling railroad tickets to ride in Arkinsaw:
Said, "Pitch me daown five dollers, en' a ticket you shell draw
To ride upon the railroad in the State uv Arkinsaw."

I bought me a pint uv lickier my troubles to withdraw,
While ridin' on the railroad in the State uv Arkinsaw;
I follerd my conductor to a most inquainted place,
Where hard luck en' starvation wuz pictured in the face.

I got off at the station; a porter there I saw,
Who took me to a hotel, the best in Arkinsaw!
They fed me on corn dodgers, en' beef I could not chaw,
En' charged me half a doller in the State uv Arkinsaw!

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

¹ This song is rather the work of the minstrel than of the folk. Cf. J. A. Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," for an extended version. The State of Arkansas is the butt for many satirical songs.

(To be continued)